

## THE REAL DICK TUPPING



THIS HERO WAS A VERY COMMON-  
PLACE SCOUNDREL.

**Crown Inn, Hempstead, Where He  
Was Born—Evidence Given at**

### His Trial—His Execution —Turpin Relics.

From the Sketch.

So much myth has gathered around the history of Dick Turpin that it would not be



**TURPIN'S RING.**

ed with a board recording the fact that Dick Turpin was born within its walls, and there are no adequate reasons forthcoming to disprove that assertion. The exact date of his event will probably never be known, but the parish records show that Dick Turpin, son of John and Mary Turpin, was baptized in the village church on September 21, 1705. On the coffin in which he received a felon's burial at York in 1739 his name was given as Dick, but the Hemstead record presumes that he was escaped from the gallows for thirty-four years at that time. And he might have escaped for many more years than that if he had resisted the temptation to shoot a game cock. It happened


Turpin was in hiding in the woods of Yorkshire, under the name of John Palmer, and by cleverly stealing horses and other property, he was able to support himself. He used to hunt, he managed to get a horse, and he was able to provide himself with daily bread and maintain himself in a comfortable manner. His horse thefts, the latest of which yielded the harvest of a mare and her foal, were not the only means by which he supported himself. One of his gamecock led to a train of evidence which brought the appropriation of a horse to his notice. He was arrested and trial followed, and then there came a cloud of witnesses around him. He was charged with the theft of a horse from a native who had known him from birth, and he was charged with the matter to hang the noose around his throat.

**Evidence at His Trial.**

Whom would disentangle the real Deed Turpin from the mythical article must rely very largely upon the evidence given at his trial. The story, reported by one who described himself as a friend of the prisoner, is that the Deed witnesses were almost indistinguishable, and appear to have bent their efforts to the effect of securing the conviction of their fellow-lodgers.

They were jealous of the fair name of Dick Turpin, the brave and chivalrous knight, or were merely taking a belated revenge for some of Dick's taking a beating, does not transpire. They told, however, that Dick was a "strong, stout, innkeeper and a butcher, how Dick was well sprit from his earliest years, how his parents tried to sober him by marriage, and how, by the appearance of a rejected letter from the postoffice, they had been able to identify the John Palmer in prison at York with the Richard Turpin too well known."

That proclamation of 1727 already alluded to described Dick Turpin as "about 30, by high, brown complexion, five feet nine inches tall, black hair, blue eyes, a straight nose, with a smallpox, thick bones broad, large short, pretty upright, and brown, his visage shorters." Of the actual bearing of the man, there is nothing more explicit than the record of the execution, which took place at York on April 23, 1739, and which was described by John and Jack Sted, "says the historian,



**DICK TURPIN'S BIRTHPLACE.**

"were executed at York for horse stealing. Turpin behaved in an undaunted manner as he mounted the ladder, feeling his right leg tremble. He stamped it down, and, looking around about him with an unconcerned air, he spoke a few words to the tope man, then threw himself off and expired in five minutes." He had duly arranged that he left his last to five men who were to follow him and stand guard over his grave. He was left as that as mourners, in addition to hat-

others. The body, inclosed in a new shroud of Tyn, and bearing the inscription, "T. P. 1793, aged 36 years," was placed in a stone coffin in the churchyard. In a short time, however, it was "snatched," and the mob, hearing that it was "snatched," gathered round the place to which it had been taken, and, placing straw round it to the height of six feet, took the precaution, too, to fill the coffin with straw, and to burn it. The subsequent "snatching," a useless enterprise, was effected opposite the Crown Inn at Hempstead, where the body was found, and was buried in a hole, and known as Turpin's Ring. How Turpin's name came to be associated with the crime, is not known. It is also puzzling to account satisfactorily for the body having been planted in this unusual shape. The body was found in that it was the village cock-out, or even that it was the body of a man, being torn in the crowd other times. The body may be seen at the mill, or at the mill, or at the mill, or at the mill. This is merely the deaving trunk of the body, which is buried in the ground at the mill, or at the mill, or at the mill, or at the mill.

from his pursuers. It would not furnish much of a sliding place now, but in Turpin's day it was a living forest giant, with a girth of seventeen yards, and branches spreading over a circumference of 106 yards.

**A Satisfactory Hint.**

From the Verdict.

Customer—"Will the pants bag at the Dealer?"

Dealer—"Mine friend, no pants will bag at the de- knows if you treat dem right. I tell dem, they will be safe for ever and a generation."

Customer—(delighted)—"Then I'll take them. Here is the money. What is your lan?"

Dealer—"Nuffer sit down."

**The Real Thing.**

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Mrs. Winkley—"Is your husband a brave man, Bronston?"

Mr. Bronston—"I should say he was. He's a first-class fighter. He's a first-class wifely moving train and saved a whole lot of money."

Mrs. Winkley—"Oh! that's no indication. Would he have courage enough to grab the cat when it was having a fit, and throw it out of the house?"